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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK.)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1882, BY GEORGE E. DESBARRAIS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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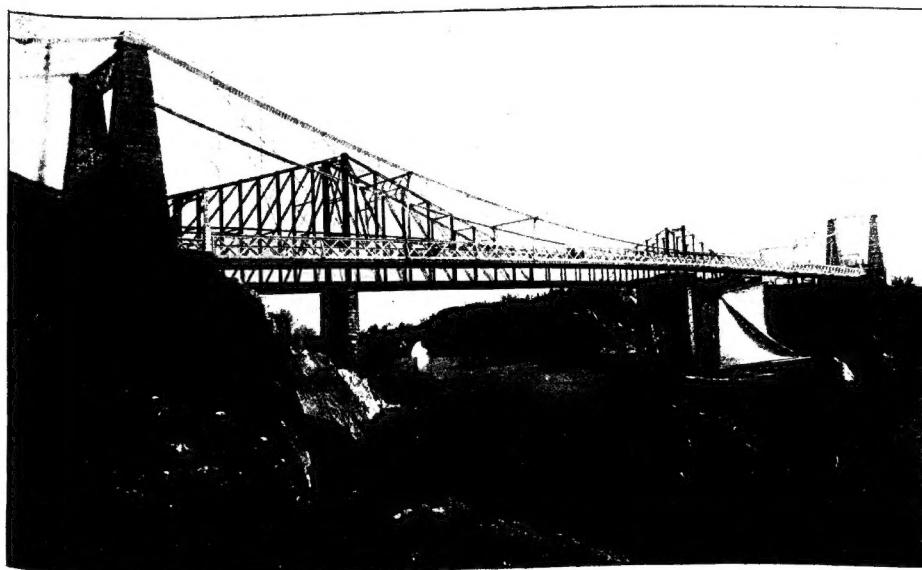
MONTRÉAL AND TORONTO, 10th AUGUST, 1889.

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OLD INDIAN HOUSES, NEAR VALLEY RIVER.

From a photo by J. B. Tyrrell, Esq., of the Geological Survey.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

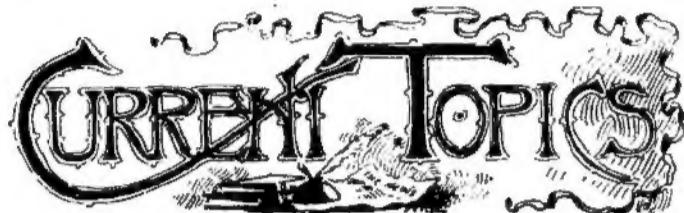
Stoerger, photo.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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The warnings of the *Vancouver World*, to which we called attention some time ago, have unhappily proved only too well founded. To us here in the East, with a thousand leagues of plain and mountain dividing us from the scene of conflict, the seizure of a Columbian sealing vessel may be of correspondingly remote interest. But to our compatriots of the Pacific Coast it is a matter of vital concern. The tone of our contemporary, in referring to former surprises, reveals a passionate indignation of which it is our duty to try to appreciate the motive. "Here," wrote the *World*, "Canadian vessels have been seized, their crews imprisoned, their cargoes confiscated and sold, even life has been sacrificed, when these vessels and men have been quietly pursuing their legitimate avocations on the high seas, from thirty to one hundred miles from land! And what satisfaction has this country or the insulted British nation received? A question or two has been put to the Home Government in Parliament, and the reply made that nothing has been done: a similar farce has been acted in the Parliament of our own country, and there the matter has rested for years."

Still more pointed are our contemporary's reflections on the text that "circumstances alter cases." It is not the first time the following reproach has been cast at our rulers beyond the seas, and, what is more to be deplored, it was not destined to be the last occasion on which it was justified. "We are safe in saying," continued the *World*, "that if the vessels seized, the fisheries robbed and the property pillaged had hailed from British seaports, the life of the British Government that would not have secured satisfaction on the instant would not have been worth twenty-four hours' purchase. All England would have been aroused, and the fleet and army of England would have been prepared for immediate action. Are these citizens of the Empire who may be plundered with impunity? Does the British flag float over a British population for whom there is no protection against foreign aggression?"

Not long after these words were written, the steamer *Dora*, from Behring Sea, brought the news of the capture of the British sealer *Black Diamond* by the United States revenue cutter *Richard Rush*. In a telegram to the Government at Washington Capt. Shepard, of the cutter, said that he had seized the *Black Diamond* for violation of section 1956 of the Revised Statutes, which had been incorporated in the President's proclamation of March 21 on the subject of the seal fisheries. It forbids the killing by unauthorized

persons of seal and other fur-bearing animals within the limits of Alaska or in the waters thereof, the penalty provided being a fine of from \$200 to \$1,000, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, or both, with forfeiture of the offending craft.

Another vessel, the *Triumph*, which was seized about the same time, had been released, no sealskins having been found aboard of her. As this vessel is said to have been seized and searched in waters beyond what England recognizes as American jurisdiction, the consequence may be serious. The fact that the *Black Diamond* escaped and got safe to Victoria, B.C., makes no difference as to the principle involved in this clear violation of international law. The alleged explanations of Mr. Blaine and his colleagues are not at all satisfactory. If an understanding exists with Great Britain by which the latter power permits such capture and search really exists, it ought to be duly proclaimed to all commanders of vessels, so that they might be on their guard against infringing the international law or convention. The whole question ought, in fine, to be cleared of the obscurity which has led to so many complications, and is likely to cause grave trouble, if it be not removed without delay.

Concurrently with the little breeze in the Pacific (as it will, doubtless, be considered at London) we have Lord Salisbury's annual assurance that the Empire is at peace with all the world. The sky of Europe had, indeed, been overcast. Ominous rumblings had been heard in the vicinity of St. Petersburg and in the Balkan peninsula. Dr. Peters had been assuming a lofty, and even menacing, tone at Zanzibar, charging England with envious interruptions to the German Emin Pasha Expedition. Farther north, on the same continent, the Dervishes had been threatening the Egyptian frontier. Crete had been once more in a state of partial insurrection. In India the judgment of the new Governor-General and his counsellors had been tested in various ways, while, nearer home, the Irish question was still unsolved, and the Royal grants had been the theme of a somewhat sharp controversy. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister saw no ground for alarms or disquietude with regard to either foreign or domestic affairs.

One decision of Lord Salisbury's caused some surprise in Canada, and not a little dissatisfaction in certain influential circles. It may be recalled that, at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute, Sir Charles Tupper, deeming it advisable that the Imperial Federation League should justify its name by some policy more practical and explicit than that which had hitherto characterized the movement, suggested that a Colonial Convention should be organized to consider what steps would best promote the objects which the members had at heart. The League showed appreciation of the proposal by putting Sir Charles on its executive council, and the council elected him a member of the executive committee. He had then a controlling voice in the direction of affairs. One of the first results of his appointment was the consultation of the Government as to summoning the Convention. Lord Salisbury, however, shrank from assuming any responsibility in such a connection. He feared lest, if the cabinet gave its sanction and name to the undertaking, its action would be misunderstood. It might naturally be inferred that the Premier and his colleagues considered it possible to make the

relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies closer, and their identity of interests more marked than was actually the case. As the Government really had no recommendations in that sense to offer, Lord Salisbury deemed it more prudent to keep aloof from the Convention. As this is virtually a disapproval of the project, the Federationists are displeased, and Lord Rosebery has believed it his duty, as President, to ask the Premier to reconsider his decision.

At the banquet (as on previous occasions) Lord Rosebery showed a reluctance to anything like urgency on the part of the League in entering into details as to its future action. He thought it better not to disturb the public mind, either at home or in the Colonies, with cut-and-dried schemes, but to let the idea of Imperial unity pervade the population of the Empire until any thought of disintegration would be unwelcome through its length and breadth. When that stage had been reached, the Colonies would be disposed, without forcing, to take measures to secure a more intimate union between all parts of the Empire, whereas any premature attempt to change conditions actually existing would be sure to excite alarm and to have results just the contrary of those aimed at. The interests of communities widely separated from each other and from the parent State are naturally diverse, and, in some cases, conflicting. To devise a plan by which all these interests could be reconciled and protected, while at the same time the general interests of the whole Empire would be strengthened and its unity assured, is a task of the utmost delicacy and not to be approached without the greatest deliberation.

The controversy on the Jesuits' Estates Act, which has been agitating the public mind for months past, reached an important stage on the 2nd inst., when a number of deputations from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and other points, waited upon His Excellency the Governor-General at the Citadel, Quebec, and presented petitions praying that the Act be disallowed. Lord Stanley received the memorialists with characteristic courtesy, but explained that it was impossible to alter the decision at which the Government had already arrived. As for himself, he was obliged to abide by the counsel of his responsible ministers. In the present instance, he had, moreover, the additional guidance of considerable experience as Secretary of the Treasury, similar moral claims having been repeatedly recognized in cases where there was no attempt to insist on legal rights. As to the Society of Jesus, he did not think that in this country and century its members had been shown to be less observant of the law than other citizens. If he disagreed with his ministers his course would be clear. He had, indeed, been asked to dissolve the House of Commons; but that was a remedy that should be acted upon only in the last resort, and he could not believe that it was justified in existing circumstances. His Excellency regretted that he had to return a negative answer to the petitions presented to him. He could hold out no hope of the disallowance of the measure. The delegates subsequently met in the St. Louis Hotel and passed a resolution expressing regret at the failure of their mission and a determination to continue and extend the agitation against the obnoxious Act.

The change in the French electoral law makes it impossible for General Boulanger to persist in his policy of plebiscites. He must now stand as a

candidate in only a single constituency, and must explicitly make known to the authorities in what constituency he desires to stand. Heavy penalties are denounced against the use of placards or the distribution of circulars in any circumscription for which one is not a legal candidate, and those who print, carry, or otherwise aid in disseminating such illegal documents, may also be punished. The only way in which the Boulangists can work against the Government now is by joining the Bonapartists and Loyalists, to make a strong Opposition and to complete their organization for a spirited fight at the polls on the basis of man against man. Till his trial is concluded and he is acquitted of the charges that hang over his head, General Boulanger can derive no personal advantage from the success of his followers save the satisfaction of beating the Opportunists. At present the chances of victory seem to be on the side of the latter, who have shown considerable vigour during the last six months.

The *Canadian Manufacturer* directs the attention of our agriculturists to the raising of flax, for which it urges that the soil of many parts of the Dominion is as well adapted as those European countries in which it has proved a success. Mr. Snellgrove, of Manitoba, is going in for hop-growing on a considerable scale and with apparently excellent prospects. A Prince Edward Island farming paper advises more attention to horse-breeding for the British market, and especially for the army. The same subject is discussed at some length in the last report of the Minister of Agriculture, where the opinion of a British expert is given some prominence. A New Brunswick report of a few years ago went carefully into the whole question, showing the good points of our Canadian horses and how they might be still further improved. In this province and Ontario a good deal has already been done for the betterment of the breeds. In British Columbia, as we pointed out some time ago, the beet sugar industry has received an impulse, and the results of the experiments, now being conducted, will be awaited with interest. Meanwhile, the Société d'Industrie Laitière of this province does not allow the enterprise of our farmers in that staple to flag. On the whole, the industrial movement among our rural population is keeping up well.

#### ANNEXATION.

Every now and then during the last thirty years or so an attempt has been made to make annexation to the United States a question of practical politics in Canada. It has generally originated in the ranks of the Opposition for the time being; but its avowed promoters have always been too few to form a party. For years after the Union of 1841 any tendency of the kind was looked upon with suspicion by the authorities. Certain Americans had played a part in the Rebellion of 1837-38, and appeals to the United States naturally came to be regarded as evidence of disloyalty. Besides, there was an understanding between the parties which then divided public opinion that the new settlement, with its accompanying boot of responsible government, should have a fair trial. The first exhibition of annexation sentiment made its appearance in an unexpected quarter, and under singular circumstances. Canada afforded the un-wanted spectacle of a British Governor risking his life in defence of constitutional principles and popular rights, while a section of the people

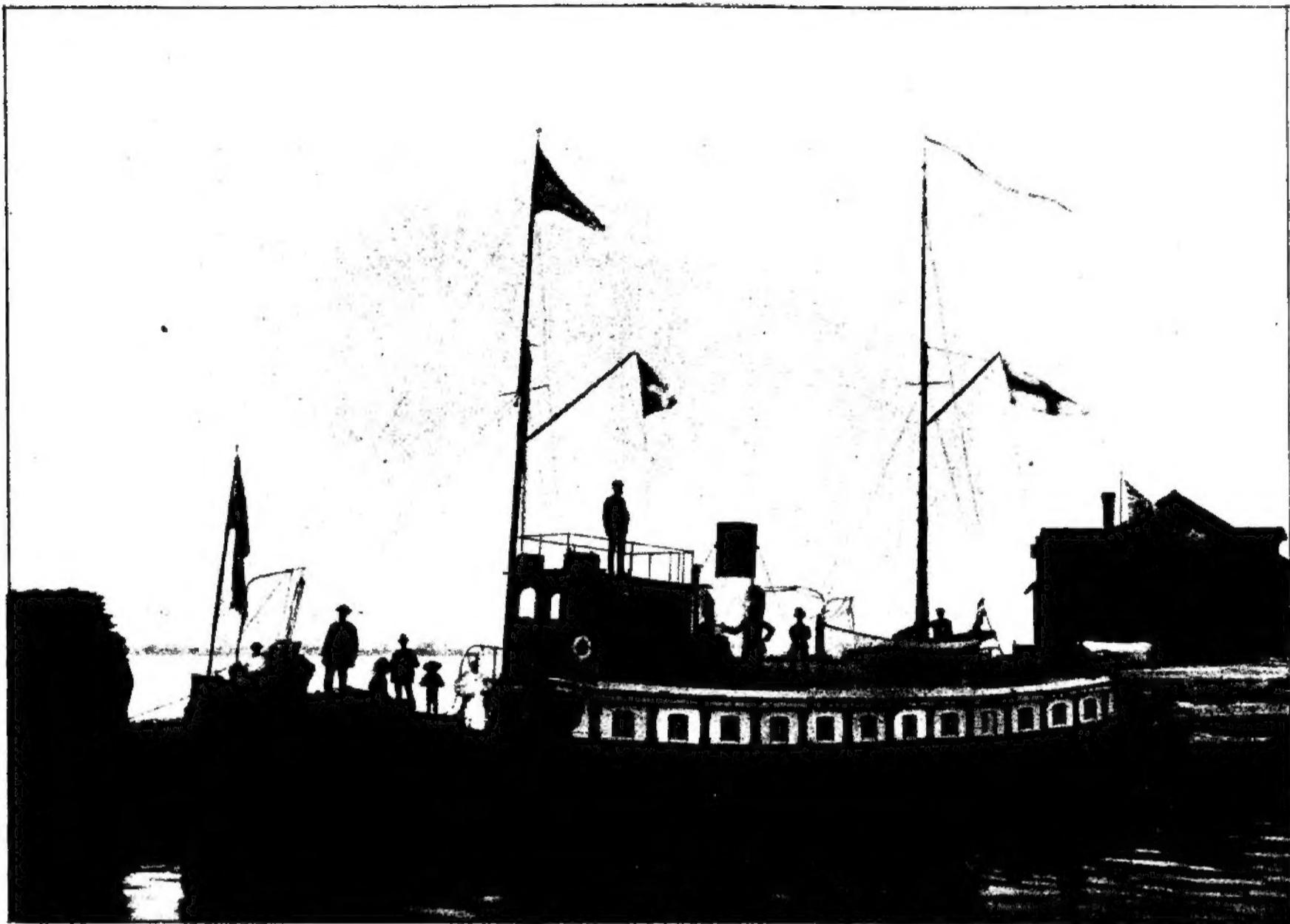
thirsted for his blood. The secessionists of '49 lived to be ashamed of their impetuosity, and to do justice to Lord Elgin's foresight and firmness. It was Lord Elgin's tact that made the Reciprocity Treaty a reality. Shortly after it was concluded, our neighbours entered upon a stage in their history, on which the curtain did not fall till much of the nation's best blood had been shed. Meanwhile the British-American Provinces had also reached a new starting-point in their career. A *temps de malaise* was surely approaching a goal of deadlock. But the remedy proposed was not a new allegiance. The one selected out of the amplitude of suggested panaceas was not total disintegration and surrender, but a stronger union. The dropping of reciprocity, permitted Fenian menace, and even the threat of forceful occupation produced no appreciable movement in favour of annexation. Even before the Civil War was ended, able statesmen of all political parties (for there had been a tendency towards the French system of groups) had met to consult about the situation, and to devise some scheme of provincial federation. The idea (which was not new, for it had been broached as early as 1800, and repeatedly in the interval) found its realization within three years from the Charlottetown Conference. In the last year of the old régime another effort was made to have the Reciprocity Treaty renewed, but to no purpose. Notwithstanding that fact, temporary opposition to confederation in Nova Scotia and subsequent troubles in the North-West and British Columbia, there has never been any declared and definite annexation movement in the Dominion. No candidate for political honours has deemed it wise to appeal for support to the electorate on the grounds of an annexation programme. On the contrary, those who have espoused the cause of Commercial Union between us and our neighbours have taken pains to insist that such a policy, if carried out, would leave Canada's present relations to the Mother Country intact.

It may be said that this reticence, this shrinking from any open expression of opinion on the side of annexation, is the outcome of deference to popular prejudices, or is prompted by fear of the odium of disloyalty that would attach to annexationist professions. There is a section of our people which could, by no promise of advantage, be induced to forswear allegiance to the British Crown, for which their fathers fought and bled, and that section is certainly not the least influential portion of the population. The strongest element in it is, doubtless, composed of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists. Both in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario, and in the vast thinly-peopled stretch of country west of Ontario, the U. E. L. element would resent the suggestion that Canada should be given up to the rebels who broke up the British Empire in the New World. Of the conduct and motives of Washington the U. E. Loyalists have not changed their opinion in a century, nor are they likely to do so after reading Dr. Goldwin Smith's lecture before the Canadian Club of New York. In the later immigration to Canada it would not be easy to say where the least anti-annexationist feeling has its home. As for the former lords of the soil, they are, in the main, contented to live under the British flag, though one political party has occasionally dallied with the question. Mr. Papineau, for instance, welcomed the short-lived movement of 1849. It is where self-interest clashes with sentiment that the possibility of annexation has been entertained, and, in

such a conflict, when it occurs, all nationalities have their share.

There is certainly no reason (apart from sentimental considerations) why the subject should not be discussed simply on its merits. This is what Mr. W. Blackburn Harte claims to have done in an article in the *Forum*, to which brief reference has already been made in our columns. He has even, he gives us to understand, suppressed his own sympathies, so as to have unhindered course in his exposition of Canadian public opinion. The title of his paper, "The Drift Towards Annexation," is virtually an assertion which, indeed, he does not hesitate to make explicitly in treating the subject. There may be such a drift, in the form of an undercurrent, but it has not come under our cognizance. We have heard people say now and then that we would be better off in some respects if Canada were part of the United States. But such judgments change from day to day. We would not trust even a plebiscite on the question—for a plebiscite only records a passing humour, and its most eager local affirmative might be a regretful but unavailing negative six months later. To take in the significance of a tremendous change, such as annexation would be, would require the old Homeric survey of the past, the present, and the future. Mr. Harte's vigorous essay contains much that is true, but also much that is misleading. Americans might infer from his comments that the constitution under which we live was imposed upon Canada by the Imperial authorities of their own mere motion, whereas it was of purely Canadian origin, and was thought out and elaborated in the Canadian Legislature. He is also astray in characterizing Imperial Federation as "an antithetical 'fad' born of the Commercial Union debate in the House of Commons in 1888." Mr. John Mathew's work, "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," was published as long ago as in 1872, and the question was discussed for years before the League was founded under the presidency of the late Hon. Mr. Forster. To this day, moreover, no formal programme has been recognized, Lord Rosebery distinctly opposing, as premature, any binding declaration, and Lord Salisbury declining to give the Government's sanction to a convention. As a protest against disintegration the movement has not been powerless, nevertheless. Mr. Harte seems to think that no nation can exist without a common language. The British Empire still exists. So does Austria-Hungary; so does little Switzerland. We agree with Mr. Harte in laying slight weight on the impressions of every tourist who rushes through Canada on the C.P.R., and we rejoice (as he, doubtless, does) that our fellow-citizens of Manitoba did not declare war against the Dominion. We do not share his fears, however, for the integrity and independence of Canada. The experiment of Confederation is not yet a quarter of a century old. Those who can recall what these provinces were before 1867 will hardly despair of its success so soon, when they look upon the results already achieved.

**DISTINGUISHED MEN.**—The Governor-Generals of India have been, in order as they were appointed: Warren Hastings, Sir John Macpherson, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir John Stirling, Sir Alured Clarke, Marquis Wellesley, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir George Barlow, Earl of Minto, Marquis of Hastings, Mr. Adam, Lord Amherst, Lord William Bentinck, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Earl of Auckland, Earl of Ellesmere, Viscount Hardinge, Marquis of Dalhousie, Earl Canning, Earl of Elgin, Sir John Lawrence, Earl of Mayo, Lord Northbrook, Earl Lytton, Marquis of Ripon, Earl Dufferin, and Marquis of Lansdowne.



GOVERNMENT REVENUE STEAMER "CRUISER," AT COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo.

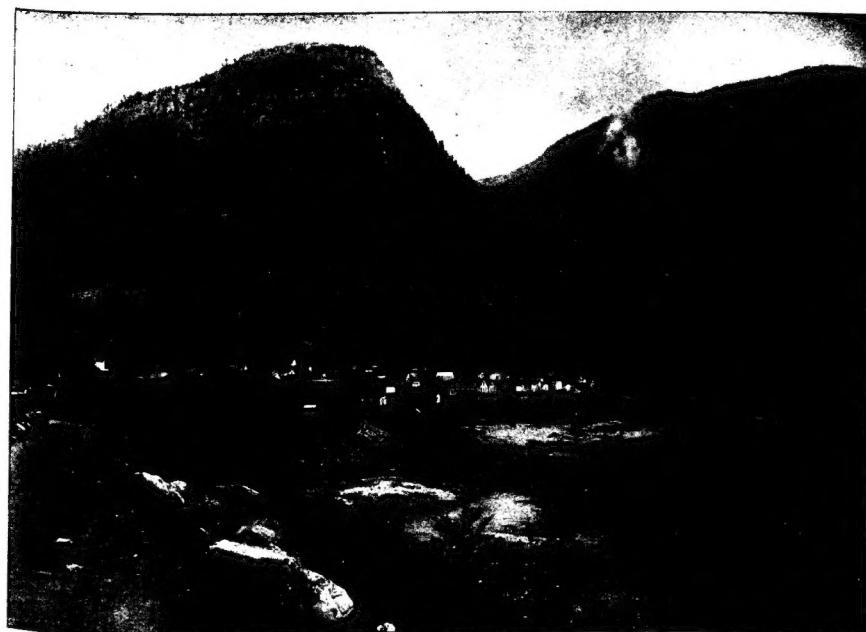


WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.



SOUTH THOMPSON RIVER, AT KAMLOOPS.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



YALE, B.C.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



OLD INDIAN HOUSES, NEAR VALLEY RIVER, WEST MANITOBA.—The characteristic glimpse of West Manitoba scenery, which is made more interesting by the suggestions of wild life in former generations in the title, forms the frontispiece to the "Notes to accompany a preliminary map of the Duck and Riding Mountains," by Mr. J. R. Tyrrell, F.G.S., published in connection with the Geological Survey. In describing the part of the country in which these evidences of Indian occupation are met with, Mr. Tyrrell writes as follows:—"Of the two largest streams that flow eastward within the district, the Valley River winds in a beautiful sloping valley, which doubtless represents an ancient drainage channel in pre-glacial times. Above or west of the gravel ridges that cross this valley is a wide sandy plain, representing an old delta deposit when Lake Agassiz was at its highest stages and when a stream flowed through the valley of Short Creek from the west side of Duck Mountain. . . . On Valley River there was formerly an Indian settlement in township 25, range 24, west, and now there is a thriving village at the mouth of Short Creek, at the point where the river leaves the Duck Mountain. A good cart-trail runs from Russell on the Manitoba and North-Western Railway to this village, and carts can always pass eastward from it to the Lake Dauphin settlement."

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.—We have already presented our readers with several noteworthy scenes in St. John, N.B., and its vicinity. The engraving in our present number gives a fine view of the Suspension Bridge, which is one of the principal attractions of the city. Its situation, in a spot exceptionally picturesque, enhances the interest which it calls forth as a work of engineering. The bridge and its environment make, indeed, a very pretty picture.

GOVERNMENT REVENUE STEAMER, COLLINGWOOD, ONT.—Collingwood is a flourishing town and port of entry in Simcoe County, Ontario, situated in Nottawasaga Bay, on the south shore of Georgian Bay, and is the starting point for steamers for Owen Sound, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and Duluth. Its importance has greatly increased in recent years through the organization and working of the Collingwood line of lake steamers.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.—This institution, of whose handsome buildings we present our readers with an engraving, was founded in 1879 as an Anglican Divinity School. Its aim, as set forth in the calendar, is to give a sound and comprehensive theological training in accordance with the distinctive principles of Evangelical truth, as embodied in the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. It has been in operation since 1880. Since then the work has steadily progressed, under the able direction of the Principal, the Rev. Dr. Sheraton. In January, 1886, the new library of the college was opened, the sum of \$18,859 having been subscribed towards its erection, and a number of ladies having collected an additional sum to furnish it. The library building cost \$18,788, the furniture, \$1,233. The entire building cost \$51,637. Among the founders of scholarships are the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., the family of the late Mr. D. Ridout, while Senator Macdonald contributed towards the endowment fund. Wycliffe College is affiliated to University College, and certain subjects in the theological course are, by the principle of options, allowed to form part of the curriculum for the B.A. degree.

SOUTH THOMPSON RIVER.—At Kamloops the North Thompson, after making its way from its source in the vicinity of Mount Brown, joins the main river. The place takes its name from the natural phenomenon thus indicated, Kamloops being an Indian word for junction or confluence. The Forks of the Thompson are noted for the beauty of the scenery, which comprises all the features that give character to the region watered by the Thompson and Fraser rivers. With their usual discernment the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company chose this point for a post. The triangle of land opposite Kamloops, formed by the meeting streams, is now an Indian reservation. The nutritious bunch-grass of the adjacent hills makes this district well adapted for grazing. Below Kamloops the Thompson widens into the lake of the same name, along the south shore of which the railway runs for some twenty miles. Savona's Ferry marks the end of the lake. Ashcroft, long known as Cornwall's, from the seat of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Clement Cornwall, is now a thriving town. Spence's Bridge, depicted in one of our recent numbers, Nicomen, where gold was first discovered in 1857, and other points of interest being passed, Lytton is reached and the Thompson and Fraser unite their waters. Some thirty miles further on the tourist has an opportunity at North Bend of taking a good look at the Fraser canyon. Some fifteen miles further is Spuzzum, a view of the Fraser above which point forms the theme of another of to-day's engravings.

YALE, B.C.—This interesting town, of which we give an engraving, is the goal or termination of that canyon country briefly described under the headings of the "South Thompson River" and "The Fraser Canyon Above Spuzzum."

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.—The Caledonian Society of Montreal is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in Canada—or perhaps in America—dating its existence from

the year 1855, since which date it has enjoyed a career of prosperity seldom equalled by national or athletic clubs or associations. Combining as it does by its constitution both literary and athletic pursuits, it has always attracted to its membership the better class of our Scottish population, and its summer gatherings for athletic sports, as well as its winter festivals for literary and musical entertainment, have always been leading attractions among the numerous claims for consideration presented to our citizens by the many clubs and societies existing in our city. The "Caledonian's Day," in the month of August, is always a red-letter day with the sons and daughters of Auld Scotia, when cronies meet and crack o'er the days o' Auld Lang Syne, and watch with an interest keen the contests of throwing the hammer, putting the stone, vaulting with the pole, racing and jumping, which recalls the days of their boyhood in far-off "Bonnie Scotland," and the gay flutter of the Tartan Plaid and stately stride of the kilted clansman rouses an enthusiasm among old and young that drives aside the cares and sorrows of everyday life, and brings a sense of heartfelt enjoyment which often carries its influence through their routine of life for many months afterwards. No less important and satisfactory is the Grand Halloween Festival of the Society, held on the 31st October each year. Opening as it usually does the "concert season," and careful as the Society has always been to provide the best talent, both vocal and instrumental, this Halloween gathering is always an immense success, and always significantly reminds our citizens that we still want a sufficiently commodious hall to furnish accommodation for the thousands ready and willing to patronize a first-class entertainment. Though essentially a Scottish Society, the Caledonians are very cosmopolitan in their management, and as at this annual festival one of the features of the evening is an address by some distinguished statesman, divine, or littérateur, they have been careful to introduce to the public all nationalities, creeds and shades of politics, as the following list of some of those who have spoken on Halloween night will show. We have had the pleasure on these occasions of listening to the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson, Hon. Mr. Laurier, Hon. Thos. White, Hon. Mr. Joly, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and many other prominent statesmen, not forgetting, on more than one occasion, the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, who ever loved to be present with his Caledonian friends. Then again we have heard Rev. Dr. Stevenson's eloquent voice more than once, Rev. Dr. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Dr. MacKay, and other leading divines at home and abroad. Here also have we listened with pleasure to our Poet Laureate, Dr. Fréchette, and in every respect indeed has the Caledonian Society shown itself worthy of public countenance and support, and most generously have both been extended to them. This Society is associated to some extent with the St. Andrew's Society of this city, and works in harmony with it whenever it is requisite. Its meeting place is the St. Andrew's Home, to whose funds it has recently made a generous donation, besides a yearly contribution from its several entertainments. In the Home are also held its monthly social gatherings for the winter, where the members spend a most delightful "twa hours" once a month, accompanied by their wives, sweethearts and friends. Two years ago a suggestion was made to preserve the photographs of its presidents nearly all of whom were still alive—and a group was taken by Messrs. Summerhayes and Walford, a copy of which we present to our readers in this issue. The present president and vice-president, whose portraits will appear next week, are Mr. Wm. Rutherford and Mr. S. C. Stevenson, and below we give the names of the gentlemen who have filled the position of president since the formation of the Society, the two marked with an asterisk being deceased:—Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G., (1855); Lt.-Col. Stevenson, \*David Mair, David Cunningham, Daniel Rose, Alexander Murray, Dr. J. T. Finnie, John Fulton, Alexander McGibbon, Wm. Angus, \*Thomas Robin, John Robertson, David Guthrie, James Wright. The Society is affiliated with the North American Caledonian Association, and occupies the place of honour on its roll, being the oldest on the list. It has given to the association a number of its leading officers from time to time, Col. A. A. Stevenson having been thrice selected as its president, and other members having filled, on more than one occasion, the position of vice-president. The roll of membership has been greatly increased since the opening of the new St. Andrew's Home, the present numbers being 129 life members and 329 ordinary members. The affairs of the Society are managed by a committee of 18 selected annually. It is doing a good work and deserves the success it receives.

THE FRASER CANYON ABOVE SPUZZUM.—The principal canyon of the Fraser commences at Boston Bar, and from that point to Spuzzum the scene presents most startling features. The river is forced through vertical walls of black rocks and struggles wildly to escape from its narrow confines. Sometimes its fury is intensified by opposing cliffs that seem to bar the way. The railway is cut into the rock and, at several places, passes through tunnels in the jutting spurs. The locality depicted in our engraving, some distance above Spuzzum, is one of the most interesting in this part of the route.

"HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM IN BOOM TIME."—We give our readers in this engraving an idea of what sort of habitation a man can make for himself on short notice. By the Dominion land laws any piece of land with a settler's house on it is not open to be claimed by any other person; and many men have, in the rush during the boom, as soon as

they found what they considered a desirable situation, hastened to occupy it with a house and break up the land before even notifying the Land Department of their intention. This "shack" is made of boards and covered with tarpaper, the joints in the latter being secured with lath tacked to the boards underneath; the roof being constructed in the same manner as the sides. The view was taken in March when the strong sunshine had melted the snow on the roof and the "banking" round the shack. In just such a building has many a hardy settler spent the first few years of his prairie life—waiting, if a married man, till he felt that he was warranted in bringing his wife and family from the east. If a bachelor, it was to this he returned at night after whiling away an evening at the hospitable fireside of some neighbour with marriageable daughters. There are hundreds of such places in Manitoba that already have their legends and their memories, never to fade from the minds of the occupants, and every few miles can be found the scene of a true story of adventure, heroism and pathos, equal to what suggested Will Carlton's lines, beginning with:

"Out of the old house, Nancy, move up into the new,  
All the hurry and worry is just as good as though;  
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,  
And that's to stand here on the doorstep and bid the old place  
good-bye."

The interior of a bachelor's "shack" is a neat one indeed. The kettle is standing on the stove, and the utensils are familiar enough all of them; but no one who has not actually seen life in a new prairie settlement knows the important part played by the syrup jug displayed on the table, which contains the "top-off" for every meal. Where three or more bachelors are farming sufficiently near to one another to make it possible, one is detailed to be cook and housekeeper; but where a man lives alone and is compelled to do his own housework and cooking, his lot is not to be envied as to comfort, his labours are unlikely to be rewarded with success, and his digestion and spirits are in all likelihood "soggy." Many a young man possessed of this world's goods, sufficient for a family's maintenance, but "existing" only, alone, goes about ragged, shiftless, dispirited and dyspeptic-looking; but give him six months of the society of a housewife's helpmate and he is transformed into a trim, bustling, ruddy-faced, cheerful "rustler."

"THE SECOND YEAR IN MANITOBA."—This engraving is taken from a photograph of the home of a pioneer of the Brandon district. The air of comfort about a log house is in Manitoba as elsewhere, attractive in the extreme. Is this illustration does not the half-open door invite the warm and weary to cool and shade within? The interior of such a house as this is often found to contain evidences of the culture and refinement of the occupants, not suspected from outward inspection, and the ingenuity of some of the decorative devices, accomplished by nimble female fingers, form a pleasant study to the casual visitor. It is haying time, and the patient greys are waiting to be unhitched from the mower, which they have been drawing all morning through the marshy grass, and are about to take their noon-day rest in the stable close by. This stable is of logs and is roofed with poles, which last are covered with the straw of last year's wheat crop to the depth of several feet, making a rain shed impervious to the rays of the summer sun and the winds of winter. The trim little bay in the centre of the picture is the progeny of a "shaggy-app" mare, or Indian pony, by a blood horse. This little horse shows what can be produced by judiciously crossing these insignificant looking animals with good eastern bred horses. He is well-known in Western Manitoba by the name of "Beecher," and has several times won races at the Brandon Turf Club course in respectable company. Such a group as this would be a welcome sight a few years ago to a traveller driving through the country in the early days, say in 1882. It was then hard to get more than pork, bread, tea, cheese and syrup to eat in places few and far between; but the sight of two trim and neat female figures brings to the mind of the traveller dreams of such delicacies as good bread, potatoes, milk, eggs and butter; for the baking, the cow and the fowls are concomitants of the advent of the housewife. To one whose idea of the prairie consists of a level plain, bounded only by the horizon, Morley, the residence of Mr. W. T. Heard, is a picturesque scene, a miniature lake with boats hauled up on the shore, bespeaking a delicious row at sunset, in the twilight, or by the most glorious moonlight to be enjoyed where Luna sheds her rays. On three sides of this comfortable and commodious house a natural bluff, as a small wooded belt is called, makes a cover for partridge, provides a cool shade for man and beast in summer, and a wind-break in winter. The reed-grown banks of the charming sheet of water are the haunts of ducks, plover and snipe; and on the open prairie, or in autumn, in the stubble fields, edged or dotted with hawthorn, hazel, wild rose and cherry scrub, prairie chicken abound. Mr. Heard is an English gentleman with passionate fondness for all the recreations of the sportsman. He has instituted, with the assistance of some neighbours from the old country, a hunt club with a respectable pack of hounds. Though upwards of seventy years of age, he still rides to hunt and shoots his bird with all the enthusiasm of budding manhood. Though enjoying the sports, Mr. Heard does not neglect the business of the farm and it is only on an occasional morning early that, with his sons and young friends, he chases a fox or wolf to death, thus thinning the ranks of the enemies of the poultry yard. For hunting or riding over the prairie-bred horses are invaluable. These sure-footed, wiry little animals, avoid, without appearing to look

or notice, the gopher and badger-holes, which are most insidious pitfalls to the eastern bred horse. The former are on their native hills, the latter verily in an enemy's country.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.—We will publish next week the portraits of Mr. Wm. Rutherford, President, and S. C. Stevenson, 1st Vice President of this society. If we can secure good photographs of the games on Saturday, these will also be illustrated.

### OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR STRANGE.)

### VIII.

DONALD IN 1887—PROVINCIAL PROGRESS—AN ADDITION TO OUR HOUSEHOLD—A TREATISE ON THE MONGOLIAN RACE—ITS USE AND ABUSE ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Early in October, six weeks after my return to Donald from Cranbrook and the interior of the Kootenay district, I left the Columbia valley to spend the winter in Toronto,—nor did I see it again until the summer of 1887, when I reached the mountains in June and found a distinct advance and improvement in the general aspect of the growing town. A good station, a large boarding-house, and numerous official residences, erected for the benefit of the C.P.R. employees, added greatly to the architectural development of the place. My own household had progressed proportionately, and received a valuable addition in the person of a hideous, cross-eyed Chinaman, properly Ah Sang, commonly called Charlie, who possessed all the ideal virtues and none of the traditional vices of his much-abused race. He proved an excellent cook and a most useful servant, being honest and remarkably quick in the performance of his various duties; coming to us as he did without any recommendation, further than that of the chief Celestial resident in Donald, we congratulated ourselves not a little upon our domestic treasure. At first his lingo of pigeon English and Chinook, a cosmopolitan jargon spoken by the Indians of the Pacific, compounded of all known and unknown tongues, puzzled me considerably, and our intercourse was somewhat limited in consequence; but having luckily a naturally quick ear for languages, and some slight acquaintance with Chinook which I had picked up from our Indian guides during the summer of 1886, I soon established a medium of communication with Charlie, and could understand him and make him understand me much more successfully than my husband could. And here let me plead the cause of the much maligned Celestial, whom it is the universal custom to abuse. I stand forth unhesitatingly a Chinese champion. John Chinaman is a godsend to the Pacific Province at any rate, which, without his efficient services, would be utterly uninhabitable. Women servants are high-priced and unprocurable, unless imported from the East, when they are experimental and generally unsatisfactory; nor has the domestic class of emigrants found its way so far West. Consequently, the resident of British Columbia must accept the Celestial for his own housework. In a new country, devoid of all the conveniences and improvements of settled districts, this same housework is of a nature in itself too arduous for ordinary women, requiring, as it does, both outdoor and indoor labour—such as carrying water for baths from one end of the house to the other, bringing wood for stoves and preparing it for use. Every woman demands \$20 a month for light duties, and requires a man to do the heavy work, for which she is constitutionally unequal.

John Chinaman rises to all occasions,—he cooks, bakes, washes, cuts wood, makes beds, sweeps, fetches and carries generally, and gardens in his odd moments, for which collective employment he receives renumeration of from \$20 to \$30 a month, according to his age and experience. The general depreciation of the long suffering race throughout the American continent seems to me both unjustifiable and ungrateful. The popular cry and opposition to Chinese emigration, from the States and

British Columbia, arises from the masses, not the classes, whom they can undersell in the labour market. At the same time the undersellers belong to the lowest grade of Chinamen, designated as Canton wharf rats, who should be discriminated against. They have neither the constitutions nor the physical strength to contend with white men in actual labour. Such Chinamen as are paid 80 cents a day by the C.P.R. as against \$1.75 or \$2 paid to ordinary labourers, are equal only to shovelling gravel or doing grading work. They can never supply the place of the average American or European. In trades and professions they certainly do not attempt to undersell white men. In laundry work, their own peculiar province, they demand in the interior of British Columbia 75 cents per dozen, which is certainly not cheap labour. Other nationalities have the same field open to them, but they do not attempt to enter it. So, were it not for the Celestials, every resident would have to wash his own clothes, a rather unpleasant alternative for the majority. As servants, Chinamen are certainly rather over than underpaid, their wages ranging from \$20 to \$30 a month, according to age, experience, and capabilities. As merchants, they appear to cater for their own race, and not to trespass upon the commercial interests of others. As to the hue and cry of the race being non-consumers, so far as I have observed, they live well and seek the best that is to be had, when they are prosperous. During the summer of 1888 Chinamen were employed in the construction of the Kootenay Canal, and I learnt from eyewitnesses of their proceedings, that they scoured the district for chickens and other delicacies, and lived far better in their camps than the contractors. In my own opinion, very few but the wealthy merchants in Victoria really send money out of the country. They are not an acquisitive race, are most generous to their compatriots and inveterate gamblers, so their earnings circulate pretty freely throughout the Pacific Province. With regard to Chinese immigration, a well-known San Francisco paper, in an editorial on the subject, published in May, 1889, says: "We are more solicitous that a stop should be placed upon the more alarming invasion which comes to us from countries and people in no sense superior to the Chinese, and, in many particulars, beneath them in every desirable qualification which relates to orderly and respectable labourers. We could name half a dozen nationalities in no respect equal to the Chinese as working men, and in no sense superior to them in any of the intellectual or moral qualifications which contribute to citizenship. We hail with satisfaction the fact that the Chinese do not desire to become citizens, and that they have no aspirations to interfere in the political affairs of our country. In this particular they are more desirable than some of the emigrants from other lands. It is impossible for us to regard with indifference the contrast between law-abiding, peaceable people, who are willing to work and who do not vote, and those who riot, engage in labour strikes, get drunk, etc."

Again, a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" for the present year, on the same burning question of Chinese emigration, applied to Australia, puts the matter as follows: "Poor persecuted Mongolians, cleanest of cooks, steadiest of servants, always sober, willing, active, patient under abuse, never bearing malice, is it simply a question of fear of cheap labour, or is it that the steadiness and sobriety of the heathen Chinee puts to shame the Australian Christian, that the colonies are now going to close their ports against you?"

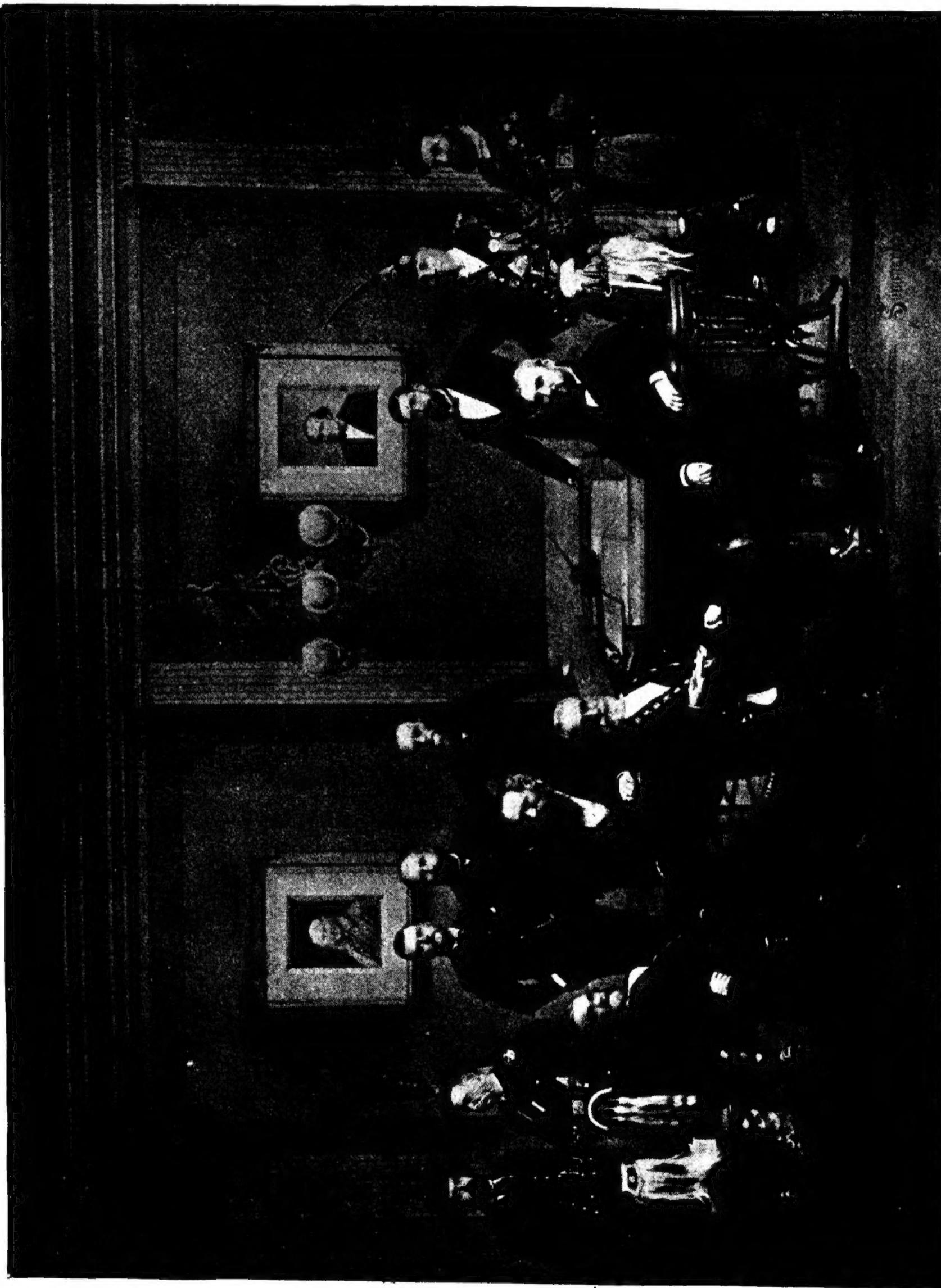
I have had but two Chinamen in my service—Ah Sang, *alias* Charlie, I deemed a treasure: but, when he fell ill and was obliged to leave us, he provided me with a substitute as much his superior as he was that of the Canton wharf rat. I have had various dealings with Chinese shop-keepers and Chinese clients of my husband, to whom I acted as interpreting medium. Arriving in British Columbia so anti-Chinese that I was extremely annoyed to find a Celestial had been engaged for my household, I have been completely converted or perverted by my experience of the race, and can honestly say that it is my intention, when I settle again in the East, to employ a Chinaman in

my service in preference to half a dozen maids. I have been told I have been exceptionally fortunate in my ventures; but I do not flatter myself that I am specially blessed. There are other households in my neighbourhood equally well satisfied with their domestic portions. Never, however, employ an old Chinaman if possible; they are cunning, vicious, independent, and disagreeable. A youth of 16 or 20 can be adapted to any establishment. He will be obedient and submissive, and will gladly learn anything and everything you choose to teach him. He will be full of gratitude and appreciation of the interest taken in his development, and will treat you as well as you treat him. The average Chinaman is a wonderfully keen judge of human nature, and has a perception of character which is seldom met with in white men of the same class. His observation is exceptional in its clearness, considering his ignorance of the English language. If the inhabitants of the American continent choose to treat Mongolians as the off-scourings of the earth, a despised and rejected race, the penetrating Celestial will be quick to resent the injury and injustice. He is perfectly aware he is not such very common clay, and realises to the full he possesses power the European has not. He is endowed, moreover, with a keen sense of justice, and with abundance of reasoning power. Could he only speak the language of the country or fully understand it, he would cease to be oppressed as he is at present, and for him I feel the deepest sympathy.

It is a mistake to try and convert the Chinaman from the error of his ways, than which no greater has ever been made in the United States. The race is one apart, and will read, mark, and learn the new faith, but never inwardly digest it, remaining true, in word and deed, to the traditional faith of their forefathers, for which who shall blame them? With regard to their vices, they are above and beyond all practical, and among themselves have a systematised form of morality or immorality, which is certainly very superior in its cause and effects, to the utter lawlessness of the so-called Christian race, in its deviations from the paths of virtue. So far as I can learn, only the very lowest and most demoralised class of Mongolians, who should be discriminated against, are ever accused of criminal actions, and such men are as much ostracised and disowned by their own superior compatriots as they could be by foreigners.

### CRISS-CROSS ROW.

The assertion that the alphabet was written or printed in hornbooks in the form of a cross is one that may be moralized on advantage by explainer of old stories and would-be etymologists. Christ's cross was cruciform, the alphabet was called Christ's cross—the word "row" being of no consequence when it stops a theory—therefore the alphabet was in a cruciform shape. Imagination further asks, How could this be done? The answer comes readily, even from one of the meanest capacity—the consonants formed the perpendicular, the vowels the shorter transverse. (Q. E. D.) Yet all is imagination, and the fact that the cross commenced the alphabetic row is wholly ignored. I say "imagination," for I, like some of your correspondents, doubt extremely whether such an eccentric arrangement as a cruciform one can be found in any hornbook. Our ancestors had various faults, but they were practical, and not faddists; they seldom, too, moved out of a groove. In addition to the examples of hornbooks quoted or representations that I have seen, I would give these: Minshew, 1617, has, "The Chrissie-cross (and Christ's cross) Row, or A B C"; Cotgrave, "Le croix de par Dieu. The Christ's-cross row, or the hornbook wherein a child learns it"; while Sherwood synomizes the cross-row with "Le croix," etc., and with "l'Alphabet," this last work being omitted by Cotgrave. Again, Th. Cooper, 1574, and Holyoke's "Rider" speak under "Alphabetum" and "Abecedarius" not of the "cross-rows" nor of the "cross," but of the "cross" as synonymous with the alphabet; and Thomasius, 1594, says, "The cross row or A B C."—*Notes and Queries.*



J. FULTON      D. ROSE      DR. FINNIE      J. ROBERTSON      A. MURRAY  
D. CUNNINGHAM      D. GUTHRIE      D. FLETCHER      COL. FLETCHER  
J. WRIGHT      COL. A. A. STEVENSON      A. MCUBBIN  
WM. ARGUS

PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

Sumnerhayes & Walford, photo.



THE FRASER CANYON ABOVE SIPUZZUM.

Wm. Newman & Son, photo.

# FINE ARTS

Holbein's portrait of Dean Colet, in the library at Windsor Castle, has been copied, by permission of the Queen, for St. Paul's School.

Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, says that, so far from the opening of free libraries on Sunday leading to the opening of the theatre, English actors would be the very first to resent any such proposal.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC ART.—An exhibition of works of ceramic art from all parts of Italy, especially from Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venetia, was recently held at Rome. The chief makers of glass and mosaic objects were well represented. The Marches sent their choicest majolica ware, and the city of Perugia exhibited a splendid collection of enamelled terracotta. Several private persons contributed their chief treasures; among them were the Barberini and the well-known connoisseur, Mgr. Tagiasco, and many of the princely families.

THREE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S RINGS.—It is said that the three rings which Queen Victoria prizes the most highly are: First of all, her wedding ring, which she has never taken off; then a small enamel ring, with a tiny diamond in the centre, which the Prince Consort gave her at the age of 16, and an emerald serpent, which he gave her as an engagement ring. For many years after the Prince Consort's death Her Majesty slept with these rings on her fingers, only taking them off to wash her hands, as the water would, of course, spoil the enamel. —*New York Telegram.*

Verdi, the composer and philanthropist, has erected and equipped a hospital at Villanova, and has also deposited funds sufficient for its maintenance. It is a large but unpretentious building, commanding a fine view of the River Po and the Apennines in the distance. There are wings for the separate treatment of the sexes, a ward for contagious diseases, and a hydropathic department, while all the arrangements are elaborate and modern. With characteristic modesty, the giver refused to let the institution be named after himself; and it is to be known simply as the Hospital of Villanova.

Near the large bridge on the road between Tripolitza and Mylo, in Arcadia, a peasant, in digging, has found various antiquities. Among them is a bronze statuette, without feet, but otherwise well preserved, representing Artemis stretching a bow and with a quiver slung on her back. It is of a good period. In the excavations of the Acropolis some pieces have been found of the ancient metope or pediment of the Parthenon in Paros stone, preserving good traces of the polychromy. Some fragments of vases have also been found representing a Gigantomachia. Some of these bear the inscription of the artist Nicosthenes.

Beethoven, although it must be conceded that he had every right to be vain, conceited and what not, never took the trouble to hide his feelings, and when his ire was aroused—and that is with men of genius more easily done than to allay it—he expressed himself very clearly indeed. Thus you may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are now forming a sort of Beethoven Museum like the Mozarteum at Salzburg, a sketch of a chateau in Nether Austria where, a few years before his death, Beethoven used to compose. It belonged to Beethoven's brother, a chemist, who had made some money and was rather fond of displaying his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left a card, upon which he had engraved his name: "Jean von Beethoven, landed proprietor." This innocent vanity so enraged Beethoven that he returned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be at home and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, brain proprietor." —*Temple Bar.*

Gilbert Duprez, the great French tenor, was in his voice as well as in his appearance a very model of power; short, thick-set, as tenors so often are, he was created for the part of Samson, but as to his beauty, the following little story will enlighten the reader: Duprez once walked away from the Grand Opera with the baritone, Baroilhet, who was not an Apollo either. Whom should they happen to meet but Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin, and ugly to such an extent that a manager, whom I do not wish to name, said to him he could never engage him unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological garden), as he engaged no monkeys. Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him, Perrot said: "Why, surely you need not laugh; if I am ugly I am certainly not so ugly as either of you." "You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled," and seeing a gentleman pass whom he had never known, but who appeared to be a well-bred man, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to make the umpire in a little difference of opinion between us?" "With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can." "Well," said Duprez, "just look at us and say whom you consider to be the plainest of the three?" The gentleman looked quietly and pensively for some time from one to the other, and then he said: "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide!" and he went off roaring with laughter.—*Temple Bar.*

## GRACE CONNELL.

### AN IRISH IDYLL.

A simple story of a woman's love:  
'Twas told by one whose voice is silent now.

Grace Connell—not unfittingly she bore  
The name of Grace—was scarcely five years old  
When death bereaved her of a mother's care.  
A dismal time! At length, her father, vexed  
With countless nothings that recalled his wife,  
And all her sweetness, said: "My little Grace,  
We will away, and leave this desolate house,  
And spend our lives among the fisher-folk,  
Where I was born, and learnt to sail a boat.  
I will go first and find some dwelling-place,  
And take thee hence." He went, and soon returned.  
Then, aided by a kinsman of his wife,  
Whose kindness claimed it as a privilege  
To drive the wanderers to their future home,  
He packed—it did not take them long to pack  
His humble stock of household furniture,  
And, with wet eyelids, travelled leagues away.  
The simple fisherfolk, who knew so well  
How heavily loss of mother and of wife  
Falls on survivors, warmly welcomed him—  
Back to his native place, and did their best  
To make the truant feel once more at home.

A nest-like cottage, that had been for sale  
On his first visit, he had bought, and there  
They settled down. It stood aloof from storms,  
Backed by precipitous cliffs, and faced the green  
Atlantic waves that wash the southern coast  
Of that fair island, for which God hath done  
So much and man so little. Grace was glad,  
And loved to ramble on the shore in quest  
Of shells and shining pebbles, or from rocks,  
Draped with long wreaths of dripping weeds, to watch  
Wave following wave, first swelling up and poised,  
Then toppling over, with a booming fall,  
In sheets of foam, that quivered on the sand.  
Still she grew lonesome, and the boundless sea  
Made her more lonesome, till her father missed  
The smiles that once lent sunshine to her eyes.  
"She wants a woman in the house," he said,  
"While I am gone. To fishers like myself  
The houseless ocean seems, perchance, a home,  
But she, poor child, sits brooding here, alone,  
With no companions but the tumbling waves."  
And thus, in time, he wooed a second wife.  
She, with soft, winning ways, soon brought the smiles  
Back to the eyes of Grace, and, when she gave  
Birth to a daughter, Grace, to shew the love  
She bore the woman of her father's choice,  
Was never tired of nursing baby Nell.

And now two years, two happy years, had flown,  
Winged with God's blessings, when a cruel chill,  
Caught while half-drowned by floods of drenching rain,  
And lashed by hissing spray, she paced at night  
The windy, weed-strewn, breaker-beaten shore,  
And watched the trawlers plunging through the foam,  
Brought the young mother to the bed of death.  
Holding her husband's hand within her own  
She passed away, with prayers upon her lips  
For both the children, prized with equal love.  
Forthwith a younger mother took her place,  
A sister and a mother—two in one—  
While Nellie played, scarce conscious of the loss.  
And so they grew together, like two buds,  
Heralds of dainty blossom—day by day  
Unfolding all the fragrance of their youth,  
But with contrasting natures. Grace was grave  
Graver by far than maidens of her age,  
But Nellie seemed a waif from Fairyland,  
A tricksy sprite, a butterfly or bird,  
So swift her movements and so sweet her song.  
A fisher's wife, whose girlhood had been passed  
In cities, taught the pretty maids to read,  
Lent them good books, and to the subtle art  
Of making lace their lissome fingers trained.  
And thus the years, like summer birds, flew by.  
Their kindly neighbour, when she sold her lace  
At market, sold theirs also; and this gain,  
Joined to their father's earnings, brought them in  
A modest competence that met their needs.  
So, in a changeless round of household work  
Mending of nets and patching up of sails—  
With books, and lace, and pleasant strolls at eve  
On the warm sands, or bathings in the surf,  
Their maiden lives were innocently passed,  
Till Grace had reached the age of twenty-one,  
Six years forerunning Nellie. Folks around  
Vowed she must marry some tall fisher lad:  
"Sure, 'twas a shame," they said, "to balk the lad,  
Who waited only for a smile to woo."  
But Grace said, blushing, "That could never be  
Till Nell had grown a woman and was wed."  
In after days she called her words to mind.  
Meanwhile, no cloud obscured their sunny sky,  
And all was peace and harmony and love.  
But the night cometh when no man can work.  
One eve their father, with persistent heart  
The fish, he said, of late had been bewitched—  
Sailed forth to reap the harvest of the sea.  
As night came on, the turbulent winds awoke,

And roused confederate billows from their sleep,  
Like ruthless felons that abhor the light,  
Bound on some errand of appalling crime.  
Then, through the hurricane, at midnight's hour,  
While thunder, with reverberating peals,  
Crashed, the two sisters, draped in heavy cloaks,  
Roamed the wet shingle, where the breakers roared,  
And, through the veil of darkness, dimly scanned  
The awful ocean's tempest-wrinkled face.  
The lightning's glare, intolerably bright,  
Flashed, like a fiery serpent, from the clouds  
With lurid gleams on black, tumultuous waves  
Crested with foam, and on the white-winged gulls,  
That, fluttering inland, eddied round, and shrieked  
With mocking cries, like demons of the storm.

Fair rose the day, as on Creation's dawn:  
The sea still trembled, like a turbulent thing,  
And all the sands were fringed with curdled foam,  
And strewn with tackling, spars, and rents of sail,  
Spurned by the deep's annihilating wrath.  
At noon, two mates of Connell were at work  
Calking a cable, when the helpless limbs  
Of a drowned fisherman were tossed ashore—  
The toil-worn sire of Nellie and of Grace.  
Grim was the human wreck—no sight, they said,  
For orphans' eyes—as on some stranded deals  
They bore the dead man to a vacant hut.  
There, when in strips of canvass they had swathed  
The corpse, to hide its ghastliness, they framed  
A rough-hewn shell from planks of sturdy pine,  
That once had lined the carcase of a ship,  
And through the hamlet spread the sorry news.  
So when the curtain of the night had dropped,  
And womanfolk and children were asleep,  
The fishers, gathering from each cottage, met  
Hard by the hut. Thence six broad-shouldered men  
Bore forth the coffin, shrouded in a sail,  
And raised it tenderly, and led the way,  
While a long line of mourners, two by two,  
Followed in slow procession, by the glare  
Of torches, to the village burial ground.  
Bareheaded, silent, while the hungry sea,  
That slew their comrade, in the distance moaned,  
Sorrowing they stood. The patriarch of the crowd  
Poured forth an unpremeditated prayer  
In tremulous tones, and many tears were shed  
Both for the dead and living. Then a grave  
Received the coffin, and the sandy earth  
Was shovelled o'er it, trampled down, and smoothed,  
And the mute object of their care was left  
Safe in God's acre, where alone is peace.

Two mothers and a father thus were lost  
From earth for ever, in a few short years,  
To one brave girl: but, undesigning still,  
She fought life's battle for the sake of Nell,  
The giddy trifler, whom she fondly loved.  
The neighbours watch her efforts to be gay  
With wondering pity, and each vied with each,  
By gracious acts and kindly offices,  
To shed some warmth upon her cold, bleak life.  
More than all others there was one who yearned  
To change each tear of Grace's to a smile.  
Young Ned Adair, a sailor's only son,  
Who in the neighbouring seaport served his time  
To a skilled carpenter, would oft at eve  
(His plane and saw and chisel laid aside),  
Stray to the cots that clustered by the sea,  
Drawn thither by the yet unconscious Grace.  
At last he spoke: "Sweet Grace, you must have seen  
You, who are so quick-sighted,—that I love  
The very ground you tread on—that I long  
To chase each shadow from your life, and pass  
My days in happy labour for your sake.  
The years of my apprenticeship are over,  
Though still I work for Master, and my pay  
Will more than furnish all our simple needs.  
Trust me—my love is truthful—be my wife.  
My father and my mother will be glad—  
They know you well—and all the fisherfolk,  
Here in my native place, well pleased will see  
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair."  
She heard, but spoke not: she had learned to look  
On Edward's coming as a kind of charm  
That laid the ghost of sorrow for a time  
Nay, more, unknowingly she loved the lad—  
But when she thought of Nellie, the bequest  
Of a dead mother, Grace, whose loyal soul  
Had seemed throughout her lover's speech to hear  
The still small voice of duty interdict  
All thoughts of marriage, faltered timidly  
Some inarticulate words, in which "dear Nell"  
Alone could be distinguished. Then the lad  
Replied: "My darling! think not I would part  
Sister from sister: Nell shall still be yours,  
And, till she weds, shall call our home her own."

The lover's pleading won the girl's consent:  
His father and his mother were well pleased,  
And the kind gossips looked ere long to hail  
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair.  
Alas, for woman's love! How oft it seems  
To waste its wealth on some ungrateful heart,  
Like precious seed that falls on stony ground!  
Grace, by some subtle instinct that detects  
Each lurking symptom of capricious change,

Felt, and half blamed herself because she felt, That he who held her captive to his will Was, like a caged bird, pining to be free— Free, but if free, freed only from herself, Slave to the beauty of her sister Nell. The boating gae of sad mistrustful love Could not be blinded, and, resigning hope, Grace sighed, “O God! my life’s short dream is o’er!” Yes it was true; with every passing hour Doubt grew to full conviction, and the date Fixed for her wedding-day was close at hand. At hand! Grace shivered; will no pitying power Unravel deftly this entangled skein, And save their lives from life-long wretchedness? Mere chance, it seemed—Grace said the hand of God— Cut the coiled knot. One eve, at set of sun, She, with her wayward lover, strayed along A narrow path that bordered on the sea. Lighthearted Nell, above them on a cliff, Was gathering sea-pinks, and with warning cries They strove to check her daring, but the girl, Who knew no fear, scarce heeded them, until, With venturesome arm outstretched to pull a flower, She fell, head foremost, from the crumpling ledge Sheer to the waves, and, grazing with her braw A smooth-worn boulder, floated out to sea, Crying, “Dear Edward, save me!” He, half crazed, Plunged in, and, swimming with victorious stroke, Caught the frail form, and bore it to the beach. In madness o’er the senseless, mad he hung, Called her “Sweet Nell,” and sobbed, “Come back to me—I cannot live without you, sweetest Nell!” And Grace, with breaking heart, was looking on.

In aftertimes she told the fisherman, “I did not marvel—could not think it strange That the light fancy of the lad had veered From me to her; for, when that night I scanned My own grave features, and then looked upon That fair young blossom as she lay at rest, Like a bruised lily, on our little bed, I thought how sweet she was, compared with me, And felt no touch of anger that the child Had twined round Edward’s tickle heart, when well I knew how closely she had twined round mine. And so, next day, I said to Edward: “Dear! I think you will not blame me when I say, Take back your vows and pledges, for I feel I am too sad a woman for your wife, Nor shall I marry any man on earth. Take Nellie—for she loves you well, I know.”

So, when in time the colour had come back To Nellie’s cheek, the three were of accord That the gay madcap should be Edward’s wife. Fresh plans were formed. Said Edward: “I will go To a new world beyond Australian seas, And seek my fortune. I am strong of arm, And cannot fail where there is work for men; And, when my life has prospered, I will send Home for sweet Nellie, and you, too, must come, Dear Grace, and live with us where’er we be.” “Nay, brother, nay,” Grace answered, with a sigh (Such sighs are breathed by broken-hearted maids), “That cannot be. My home is here, alone. Here, by my father’s grave, until I die.” Thus the stern sacrifice of self was made For two, whose shallow natures failed to gauge The deep devotedness of woman’s love.

Aldair had sailed, and Nell, betrothed, was left To bide the summons from beyond the sea, Watched o’er, like some inestimable gem, By her whose heart was bleeding all the while. Grace toiled, and saved, and lived for Nell alone, Training her tenderly to be the wife Of one whom still she cherished in her dreams As the sole star that once had lit the gloom Of her young life, and then had faded out. The end drew near: a letter came at last, Nell’s first love-letter. How the fairy smiled And blushed to read the golden words of love That Erin’s sons coin best of all mankind! It told of Nell’s prosperity and health, Of solid wages paid for solid work, Of town and country, climate and the rest. There was a draft, too, on the seaport bank, Made out in favour of the careful Grace, To pay Nell’s passage, buy the wedding-dress, And all things fitting for a lovely bride; And last, not least, within the letter’s folds Nell found, close-muffled in some silken floss, A tiny ring of Au-trasian gold, Fit for the finger of the Fairy Queen.

All soon was ready. Morn, and noon, and eve, Grace, with a self-denying love that seemed Too strong for nature, too sublime for earth, Yielded sweet service to the restless girl, Who hourly chid the leaden-footed hours, And sighed for wings to waft her o’er the main.

The day of parting came: beside the quay A giant steamer lay, prepared to house The thousand emigrants that thronged the decks. Oh! said the sights, unutterably sad, That met the gaze upon that crowded wharf— Fond mothers, folding in their arms the necks Of stalwart sons; grey-haired, decrepit sires

Invoking blessings on the heads of those They could not hope to meet again on earth; And tearful lovers, parted for a time. There, too, were Grace and Nellie. From the huts Of the poor hamlet tender-hearted dames Had joined the sisters, wishful to assuage The bitter anguish of the last farewell. Grace scarce could speak; with deep convulsive sobs She strained weak Nellie to her throbbing heart, And murmured, “Nellie, love, God bless you both!” The deck was cleared of strangers; then a band Struck up “St. Patrick’s Day” to drown the noise Of groans, and prayers, and blessings, and laments— Back surged the crowd—the gangways were withdrawn— And the huge steamer, with its joyless freight Of Erin’s exiles, slowly moved away.

An hour went by: Grace still was standing there, Still gazing o’er the green Atlantic waves, Rapt in deep thought. Softly the women came And touched her, saying, “Dearest Grace, come home.” She answered, meekly, in pathetic tones: “Kind friends, I ask your pardon; let me here. Pray, be not vexed—I fear would be alone. Grant me this favour, for I am not well; My heart is aching. When the night has come, Perhaps I shall be better. God is good!”

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

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## IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Feeling vastly as if we were about to “do” St. Peter’s, Rome, Slowbridge and I sauntered, one Saturday afternoon, not long since, to the Church of the Gesu.

Arriving at the entrance, a notice, placarded to the right, announced to the public, viz., Slowbridge and myself, that a pamphlet containing descriptions of the frescoes and paintings was obtainable from the sacristan. While we were debating as to which aisle would the soonest bring us there, the massive centre door was pushed slowly from within, and a woman, shrouded in black, issued from her retreat. She had such a sad, unsmiling countenance that we almost feared to question her, and when Slowbridge, gaining courage, spoke, she was answered in that dull monotone which belongs to misery alone.

Following her directions we soon gained the vestry. Here there was a slight delay. The priest was being interrogated by one of his flock, and so we had to wait with the patience which comes from necessity. When our object was made known, the reverend father hurried away, returning in a few moments with two pamphlets, entitled “College St. Marie et Eglise du Gesu.” We bowed our thanks and clasped the precious pamphlets eagerly, while I made a suggestion timidly: “Shall we bring them back afterwards?”

He smiled a little at this. They were twenty-five cents each—a small trifle; it went to the church.” Here we discovered that one book would suffice for us both; Slowbridge paid for it, I carried it, and thus things were even!

An air of supreme solemnity was throughout the holy building; it seemed sacrifice to even whisper commentaries upon those life-depicted figures. Here and there were stray worshippers—women, who had stolen in from their work for comfort and courage; some children, with curious, staring, uncomprehending eyes; a few men, bearing the mark of life’s bitter struggle in their forms and faces. What sight more beautiful, more touching, than to witness a strong man bent before God’s altar in prayer? It brings before one so vividly a vision of Him “who was wounded for our transgressions.”

What pages of life’s unwritten history may be read in a place such as this! “La grande dame,” in her silks and furs, sobbing out her sorrows in the confessional, while her carriage awaits her at the door; the poor widow praying close by for forgiveness and strength. They are sisters in sorrow, these two, though they know it not, though they pass each other, touch each other in the aisle. An old man, with snow white hair and serene countenance, is saying his rosary, while a child kneels beside him following each movement. Presently the child espies the waxen figure of a monk; so life-like, so death-like is it, that the child’s curiosity must be appeased. Cautiously, on her hands and knees, she creeps, until her hand touches the carven features. Their cold ghastliness fills her with fear; she retreats hastily, and, reaching the old man’s

side, slips her fingers into his, reassured at the living contrast!

Fearful of disturbing those in prayer, we pass slowly and silently from one fresco to another. Above the High Altar a realistic representation of that grey morning at Golgotha keeps us spellbound, the cross, freighted with that most wonderful sacrifice, standing out against the sky. the weeping women at the foot, the merciless men, “gazing unmoved at what they had done”—even the camels standing by, so natural in every detail, add startling originality to the portrayal.

St. Ignatius, in the cave of Manresa, and the crucifixion of three Japanese martyrs, Paul Michi, John de Goto and James Kisoi, in fresco, are worthy of admiration for their execution alone, while the representation of the death of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant, who, by the hand of the Iroquois, perished at the stake on the shores of Lake Superior, March 16th and 17th, 1649, gives us an insight into the suffering of those who have done so much for our country and Christianity.

While we were meditating before the features of St. Francis Xavier, the students of St. Mary’s College had entered; they fill the south transept. One seats himself at the organ and then their beautiful Lenten Litany rises on our ears. St. Francis Xavier is forgotten as the soul-stirring supplication swells through the church, and we, too, fall on our knees.

“Sancti Maria,” chimes one rich, rare voice.

“Ora pro nobis,” the choir of fresh young voices takes up the strain.

“Auge Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri,” blend they all as one voice, and the sun steals in through a high window and slants down on the sweet boy singer. An impressive sight, the devotional band of boys on their knees in the gloom of the transept, while the form of their fair young leader rose by the organ, rapt in the sunlight of a springtime afternoon, and to our fancy the sweet face of St. Cecilia looked on and listened with approval.

We had gone to admire, to criticize the walls’ wonders, but we had gained something greater than an afternoon’s amusement—we had gained a deeper consciousness of that life which is the *life*; yet, as we step out into the busy, noisy street, where wealth and poverty, joy and misery, met and passed each other by, it seemed as though the peace of the church could not be so near. But still that divine petition was ringing in our ears, echoing in our hearts—

“Auge Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri.”

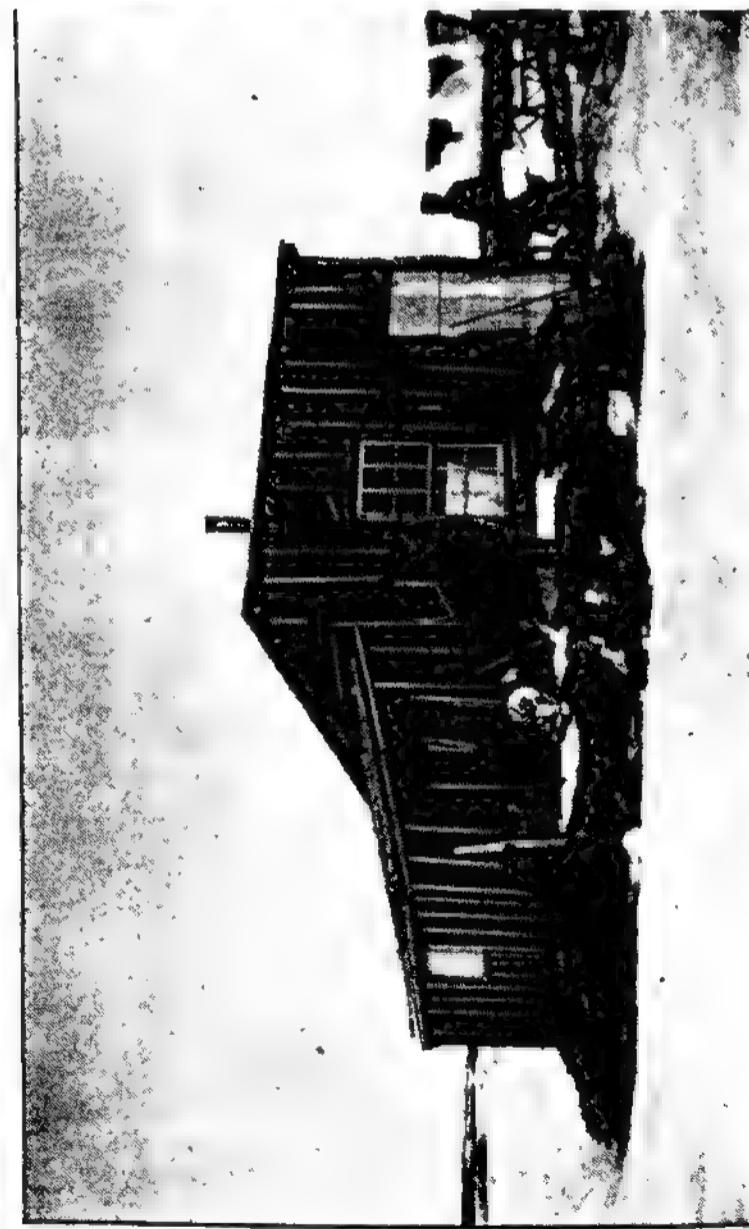
Montreal, April, 1889.

FERRARS.

## BEAU BRUMMELL.

His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a government appointment, and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-military affair, the Tenth Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately, there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell, late as usual, was looking out for him. The old Colonel thundered, “Why don’t you find your troop?” “Why, Sir, said the imperturbable Brummell, “I am looking for my nose.” At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think, himself invited to somebody’s country seat, and being given to understand after one night’s lodging that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an “exceedingly good place for stopping one night in.” Manchester seemed not to be good enough to stop even one night in.—*The Gentleman’s Magazine*.

M. Charles Richet, editor of the *Revue Scientifique*, Paris, is investigating heredity in man, and invites information from correspondents respecting remarkable instances of the transmission of powers.



#### MANITOBA VIEWS.

1. Holding down a claim in boom time. 2. Interior of a bachelor's "shack." 3. Second year in Manitoba. 4. Morey's Residence of W. T. Heard.

From photo. by Davidson Carterry, Man.



## SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VIII.

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague

1. Distant view of Mountain Town, B.C. 2. Donald Station in 1887, looking East to Quality Hill.



Dr. Osler, whom Montrealers have not forgotten, chose "Equanimitas" for the theme of his valedictory address to the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, before entering on his duties at John Hopkins. The address abounds in wise reflections and good advice, and contains, *inter alia*, a tribute of esteem and gratitude to the memory of the late Dr. R. P. Howard, whose portrait we published not long since. We cannot, however, entirely accept Dr. Osler's definition of *equanimitas*. It means, he says, "coolness and presence of mind under all circumstances, calmness amid the storm, clearness of judgment in moments of grave peril, immobility, impassiveness, or, to use an old English and most expressive word, phlegm." It is to this latter alternative that we object. "Phlegm" is not only an old English word, but an old Greek word, and had several meanings, more or less contradictory to each other, before it obtained hospitality in our own language. The original sense of it was not coldness but heat. *Phlegma* is from *phlego* (to burn). *Flamma* (softened from *flagma*) is its Latin equivalent. In course of time, however, it came to be used for the humour or matter gathering in an inflamed spot, then for any humour, and lastly, for a cold, viscous humour. The four chief humours in that system of medicine, which, though obsolete, has left us some of its symbolism, were blood, choler, phlegm and gall. Hence the temperaments were divided into the sanguine, the choleric or bilious, the phlegmatic and the melancholic.

Now, as far as our experience goes, the term "phlegm" has never been used in a laudatory sense by good English writers. It is generally applied to that dull, sluggish temper which it is almost impossible to arouse to action or passion. A phlegmatic person is even-minded only in the sense in which any torpid creature may be called so, unless, indeed, we take Dame Quickly's use of it as normal. For, without in the least intending it, that lady employs the word in its original ancient sense. "I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic," she says to Dr. Caius, meaning just the reverse of what the word means in its common acceptation. To our mind equanimity stands on a much higher plane than phlegm, as a quality, has ever attained. It implies, what phlegm does not, conquest over self, and is allied, as phlegm is not, with timely resource and other virtues, which Dr. Osler has named in his definition. Another synonym which he suggests, imperturbability, is also much preferable to phlegm. Dr. Osler's valedictory should be read by all students and practitioners of medicine.

#### AN AUGUST SONG.

Two boys of all sweet boys alive,  
Two boys I have and of babes none other,  
And one is five and the other five,  
Two sweet boys that call me mother.  
  
Ah, if you knew my keen delight,  
O water-lily, when bending down  
Over your gold and over your white,  
The sweet heads jostle their gold and brown !  
  
Two boys of all brave boys on earth,  
Two boys I have and of babes none other,  
Two such boys at a single birth  
As were never borne by any mother.  
  
O August sky, if you but knew  
How all regret in your gulfs can drown.  
When looking up to your depths of blue  
I see those eyes of blue and brown !  
  
What to me was a night of pain  
That won me boys so strong as mine !  
While I have these, take golden gain,  
Take goodly honours and mellow wine !

TYNG RAYMOND.

In his article on "Social Life at Ottawa," in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte says some interesting things about Lady Macdonald. After describing her as strong and robust, with large, well-shaped head and strongly marked features, Mr. Harte observes that "there is the

same lurking determination and power about her eyes and mouth that one notices in Sir John's face. Indeed, it is generally remarked that in their long married life the Premier and his wife have become wonderfully alike both in their habits of thought and in physical expression."

This influence of strong individualities, even on the features and expressions of their friends, was noticed by Lavater a century ago. "As the gestures of our friends and intimates often become our own," writes the physiognomist, "so, in like manner, does their appearance. Whatever we love we would assimilate to ourselves, and whatever in the circle of affection does not change us into itself, that we change, as far as may be, into ourselves." And again: "This resemblance of features, in consequence of mutual affection, is ever the result of internal nature and organization of the character of the persons. It ever has its foundation in a preceding, perhaps, imperceptible resemblance which might never have been animated or suspected, had it not been set in motion by the presence of the sympathetic being."

"Lady Macdonald." Mr. Harte continues. "is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a wonderful power of drawing out people, and, by getting them to talk about their hobbies, mentally taking their measure. She is a shrewd judge of character, and her opinions on all subjects are worth having. She is a warm friend to the struggling littérateurs of Canada, and is herself a valued contributor to many of the leading English magazines. She has much of the personal magnetism that has been a material factor in Sir John's long and successful career, and, when she takes an interest in a person, she is a truly delightful hostess." The whole article is worth reading.

Our readers will, we are sure, enjoy this pathetic poem from the pen of an old friend :

#### THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal  
Deep blessedness of heart,  
I feign the joy I long to feel,  
And check the sobs that start :  
Shrouding the agony that lies  
Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,  
Because on earth eternally  
The door of sound is closed for me,  
And man—man knoweth not the key !  
  
In solitude I love to dream  
Of what I may not hear,  
And muse how sweet a sound must seem,  
A human voice how dear !  
Alas ! that dreams which soothe and bless  
Should be so full of nothingness !  
I wake, and all is mystery :  
The door of sound is closed for me,  
And man—man knoweth not the key !  
  
I shall not long be here on earth,  
My mother's eyes are wet :  
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth,  
My star would quickly set.  
I grow less earthly day by day,  
Then, tell me why should death delay ?  
God calls me home, God sets me free :  
The door of sound is closed for me,  
But oh ! it shall not always be.  
  
My form is frail, my sight is dim,  
Life's tide is ebbing fast :  
My failing senses seem to swim,  
And all will soon be past !  
Peace, peace ! I hear sweet angel-tones  
Singing in Heaven around the thrones :  
One last brief prayer on bended knee,  
The door of sound is oped for me,  
But God, God only, had the key !

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

One of the scenes described in Mr. LeMoine's "Explorations," to which we recently called attention, recalls the City of the Birds, in which

"The welkin rings with sounding wings,  
With songs and cries and melodies  
Up to the thunderous aether ascending."

Miss Pope, whose account of her visit to the Magdalens will repay perusal, thus tells of her ascent to the aerial city on the summit of Great Bird Rock: "By the aid of a crane and windlass, a wooden box was lowered, into which we packed ourselves with, it must be confessed, a slight misgiving. The word was given and this primitive elevator began to ascend: up we went past countless denizens of the feathered kingdom—gannets,

puffins, guillemots and gulls, birds of all sizes, shapes and colours. The air was full of birds, and the air was also very unpleasant by reason of the contents of these bird's larder being somewhat decomposed; everywhere, scraps of decaying fish and bits of egg shells, birds tame, fearless almost to stupidity. The ascent took about half an hour. Those who possess the spirit of adventure will find it well worth their while to call on the light-house keeper in his 'sky parlours' on Bird Rock. The light on the top is a fixed light visible for twenty-one miles. With the station is connected a telegraph office to report accidents. The noise made by the birds is something deafening."

The *Newbery House Magazine* is one of the latest periodical claimants for the favour of English readers. The associations of its name are not the least forcible of its recommendations. Lovers of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will recall that John Newbery, "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard" and "the friend of all mankind." He was born in 1713, and, after doing a fair business in Reading as printer and editor, he moved to London, and in 1744 opened a warehouse at the Bible and Crown, near Devereux Court, without Temple Bar. Next year he transferred his establishment to the Bible and Sun, near the Chapter House, St. Paul's Churchyard, where he began the publication of books in great variety and quantity. Dr. Johnson and he became friends and Goldsmith wrote for him. Smollett was the editor of one of his periodicals. The unhappy Dr. Dodd was his partner in several literary enterprises. Newbery died in 1767, but his business lived after him, and the *Newbery House Magazine* is published by his successors.

"Let us not imagine that the mystery of ages will suddenly be unfolded to us. The increase of knowledge is ever gradual. The Unknown is infinite. Man can at best know little, but he can ever know enough for his purpose. Let him use such means as are placed at his disposal, and with the growth of the higher type of life, the perception of it will open to him such knowledge of the Great Intelligence who controls all as will fulfil his needs." This passage is taken from a thoughtful paper read some time ago by Mr. Percy Pope before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa. We thank the author for his courtesy in sending us a copy. We have found it well worth reading.

We have received a characteristic letter from the elder of the authors of "The Masque of Minstrels." Enclosed in it was

A spray of the keen wild briar  
That has grown beside

the cottage of Pastor Felix. Much, indeed, did we appreciate its fragrance and the kind thoughtfulness that prompted the gift. And all the more so as the sender was weary with unremitting toil and anxious with cares that made rest for a season impossible. But though "fagged and ill-conditioned," "amid many cares he steals an occasional hour with the muse," to the fruitfulness of which bears witness

#### THE ISLE OF SONG.

I dreamed of a white isle, girt by such seas  
As never rave, nor freeze ;  
So lonely, rare, the world hath never come,  
But poets make its solitudes their home.

The cherub winds flew down, and in delight,  
Toys with the wave-tips white ;  
And happy maidens danced, hand locked in hand,  
O'er tracts of snowy and of golden sand.

Infinite pearls of shadow, lay the shells,  
Where wove the sea its spells ;  
And the shy nymphs tossed up their shining hair,  
And the sun glimmered on their shoulders bare.

And tall pines overhung, and fringed palms,  
Where soft the sea sung psalms ;  
And from their dells the scented inland air  
Bore breath of myriad blossoms everywhere.

An echoey temple, bent the arch of blue ;  
And moon and stars peer'd through  
The myriad mossy arms of many a glade,  
Where lovers silent walked, and unafraid,  
With leaping laughter gurgled down the stream,  
Then murmur'd in a dream  
Along the vale, or jubilantly free,  
Till kissed to voiceless rapture by the sea.

Here bright-eyed Fancy roved, and slaked her thirst  
Where earliest dreams are nuzzled;  
Here Harmony her winnowing wings outspread,  
And round the shores and through the groves forthsped,  
And when the moon was silvery revealed

In her ambois field,  
Down to the shore, with harps no longer dumb,  
Nor fearing death, I saw the poets come.

A wondrous Genius led them, and impelled,  
Who, when their songs exhaled,  
Plucked the fresh laurel for the victor's wreath,  
And showed the fame that cometh after death.

There in that glorious cluster of renown  
That to the shore came down,  
Were some—a deathless and fraternal few,  
Whom in the flesh I saw, and dreamed I knew.

There, with his harp, stood the benignant shade  
Who sang the "Acadian mail";  
And one like reverend form beside him rears,  
Who in sweet Roslyn marked the flight of years.

And with them were the sons of ages gone,—  
But now whose years are one?

Kissed their well, for I had loved them long,  
Kissed their dead faces, yearned upon their song.

There they who chanted Israel's lone sublime  
Sang to the sea's soft chime;  
And there Etruria's bard had kindred place,  
While a sweet smile lit up his mournful face.

And they of Hellas, and the Mantuan plain,  
There smote their harps again;  
Homēr had his clear song, and vision bright,  
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light.

There he of the serene, capacious bough,  
Stood 'neath a laurel bough;  
Song's matchless One, the mightiest of his peers,  
Star that on Avon rose in earlier years!

But when I saw my earliest love draw near,  
And heard his song sincere,  
Who charmed sweet Doon, and did his cadence suit  
To sylvan Coila's step, and woodland flute?—

And Rydal raised his grave and reverend face  
To Shelley, in his place;  
And he, whose dust 'neath Latium's violets lies,  
Lifted to me his languorous, melting eyes:—

With tears, I reached to them my hands and cried,  
"Let me not be denied!"

Take me to be with you, ye much-loved throng,  
And teach me, too, to be a child of song!

"Forlorn, companionless, in dread and death,  
And weary of the earth,  
Bid me to your serene, immortal shore  
Where hearts faint not, nor song is hindered more."

Their beckoning hands I saw, nor longer stayed,  
But ardently essayed

To join them in the place of their delight,  
And hear them fill with song the rapturous night.

But ere upon that white, sea-fretted marge,  
I landed from my barge,

Where, by the dreamful wave's most silvery lip,  
Lingered for me that godly fellowship,—

Dim from my eyes went the illustrious host—  
Each wan, fading ghost;

Melted their isle like snow; alone I lay;

And, lo! it was the breaking of the day!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

"What a live poem," comments Mr. Lockhart, "that was of Mairi's! The last stanzas move like a North-West rapid themselves. Good! good!" And echo replies, "Good! good!"

### OUR GARDEN TALK ON LILIES.

Now is the time to keep your Calla lilies dormant, they will flower far better during the winter if you do so. An important point to remember in the culture of foreign bulbs is that their flowering season is the rainy season of their native countries. The Calla, a native of the Nile, blooms when the roots are a foot under water, in the spring, and rests at low water, when their roots are as dry as it is possible to be and live.

WATER LILIES ON THE LAWN.—*Orchard and Garden* suggests a very pretty plan for growing *Nymphaea odorata*. Several tubs, coal oil barrels cut in two will answer, may be sunk in the ground quite close to each other in a group, the spaces between them being filled up with Calla lilies, tuberous-rooted Begonias, Caladiums, Ferns, Grasses, etc. In planting, fill the tubs half full of a mixture of good loam and thoroughly rolled cow manure in equal parts, in which imbed the roots, and cover the soil with about half an inch of clear sand. Fill the tubs slowly with rain water, and replace the loss by evaporation.

*Nymphaea odorata* is commended as the queen of all water lilies, surpassing in brilliancy of flower if not in size of leaf, the famous Victoria regia. It is a night bloomer, each flower opening from 8 p.m. to 10 a.m. for three nights in succession. Under favourable circumstances a single plant of this variety will, in one season, cover a circle of twenty feet across, with leaves twenty-five inches in diameter, and flowers twelve inches from tip to tip of petals. The flowers are rosy red with bright scarlet stamens.

The Gladiolus will grow under any conditions, but it will not grow well. A cool, moist atmosphere is the one in which they delight. Climate alone is what makes them succeed so well in England. Last year we had rain in abundance, with low temperature, and never before have we had such perfection in Gladiolus flowers. We make a mistake in planting our bulbs too early. They should be kept cool and dry, and in a dark room until the first of July, when they will come into bloom about the first of October, throwing up spikes that for number and size of flowers would hardly be recognized as the varieties that bloomed in midsummer. If planted early, so as to flower in July and August, they should be protected against the heat of the sun by a lattice or light canvas covering, and the bed should have a light mulching of newly-cut grass. This will keep the roots cool and not unsightly. The capabilities of the Gladiolus are only known to those who grow them in this manner. The soil makes but little difference with the Gladiolus. Any soil that will yield good crops of potatoes will be equally good for these plants. If it is heavy, plant shallow, say from one to two inches deep; if light, from four to six inches will be better. It is best to use ground made very rich for some other crop, the previous year, as fresh manure does not suit them.

Lilies, quite as much as Gladiolus, need a good mulching to keep the root cool and moist. A bed of lilies that has been properly mulched a few years will yield enormously; more than thrice the number of flowers will be produced, and they will be much larger, with better defined colours and of greater substance. A lily-bed should be made in a position where it can remain undisturbed for number of years, and as long as the plants flower well. An Ascension Lily (*L. candidum*), the handsomest of all Lilies, should be planted in July or August, while the bulb is resting. They will live when planted at any time, but will flourish only when planted at the proper season.

### THE ART OF DRESS.

Herein lies the great art of dress: to know just how far to draw attention to clothes, and no farther: never to allow them to impinge upon the interest that should be centred in the face. I have seen intelligent human beings who apparently chose that their attire should be the first and last thing one thought of in connection with them. No beautiful woman, if she be clever withal, makes this mistake. Her dress may be sumptuous; it may heighten her attractions if judiciously chosen; it should never astonish and bewilder us. We read of the gorgeous attire of Queen Elizabeth, and are dazzled with the cloth of gold, the pearl-embroidered ruff and jewelled stomacher recorded in Zuccero's portraits of that vain and ill-favoured sovereign. They are the woman, and take an undue prominence in our recollection of the thin, shadowless face, surrounded and overpowered by so much magnificence. But of her beautiful rival's clothes we hear little: and when we think of the Holyrood portrait of Mary, it is the refinement and dignity of the lady we remember, not the splendour of her apparel. The butterfly prettiness of a Pompadour, or the vacillating plainness of many an *espèce* countenance that smiles upon us from canvases painted in the Directoire days, may thrive under a flutter of lace and roses and parti-coloured ribands, or be humorously accentuated by a monstrous wig, gigantic hat, and *jabot*. Perhaps they need such adventitious aids; at all events, eccentricity of form and violence of colour (as in the flowered brocades the ladies of the court of Louis XV. so much affected) cannot hurt them. But it is otherwise with the noble ladies whom Vandyck and Reynolds loved to paint.—*Hamilton Aide.*

# PERSONAL

The Emperor of Russia has purchased Siemiradzke's colossal picture of "Phryne in Eleusis" for 70,000 roubles.

E. R. Doward, Toronto, has been appointed a fellow of the Society of Science, Art and Literature, England, in recognition of his standing as a musician.

The medal for the Ottawa Normal School has been taken by Miss Maggie McPherson of Dalton, Elgin County, who made 1,097 marks out of a possible 1,400.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in Canada and the United States. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

M. Gaume, the Catholic bookseller of Paris, who recently died at the age of 89, was one of the last survivors of Napoleon's armies and took part in the expedition to Moscow.

One of the latest works which Sir Edward Boehm has executed for Queen Victoria is a colossal bronze statue of John Brown, which has been erected in the grounds at Balmoral, on a wooden bank near the garden cottage.

One of the titled American ladies now living in Paris is the Countess d'Ademar. She was born in Cincinnati, but has resided in Paris for several years. Her devotion to theosophy and occult science has secured her a high rank among oriental scholars.

The illustrious Abbé Bois, curé of Ma-kiiongé, to whose antiquarian and historical researches Shea and Parkman have been so much indebted, who died lately after a long and painful illness, is said to have left behind him a large quantity of precious manuscripts relating to Canadian history.—*Saturday Budget*.

The noted Siberian traveller, George Kennan, is spending the winter in Cape Breton. His wife is with him, and he spends the most of his time in editing a large amount of matter not yet published concerning his Siberian journey. Cape Breton is getting to be quite a favourite summer resort for tourists, and deservedly so, for the air is bracing and the scenery everything that the lover of the picturesque can desire, while the people are hospitable to a degree.—*Chronicle*.

It is claimed that the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has at last been settled. Canon Barrett, rector of Kelloe, a small village situated about half way between West Hartlepool and Durham, has discovered in the parish registers of the place an entry recording the baptism of the poetess. It appears that she was born at Kelloe on March 6, 1806, and privately baptized. She was, however, received into the Church on Feb. 10, 1808, when her brother, Edward B. Moulton Barrett, was baptized."

Miss Eliza Kitchie, of Halifax, is a B.A., of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and is the first Canadian lady who has received the degree of doctor of philosophy at Cornell, or perhaps any University. There has been a good deal of talk on the trials which she sent in to Cornell. It is a discussion on individualism; and is an effort, a very serious and thoughtful effort, to trace the connection of the mental organism with the physical organization, the conclusion reached being a rejection of the materialistic theory, and a reference to the Divinity as the origin of all that is best and purest in the human soul. In the accounts given of Dr. Kitchie's paper there is no statement as to the source to which she refers the origin of the evil thoughts which abound in man, beyond a somewhat misty hint that they are animal, and, therefore, base; leaving the inference to be drawn that God does not create the baser animals. Doubtless the publication of the paper in its entirety— and such a powerful essay deserves wide circulation amongst those who are interested in this great theme— would be necessary in order that people may learn just how it disposes of this portion of the subject.—*Exchange*.

### REQUEST TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With a view to having the papers delivered to subscribers in the most perfect condition, and preventing mistakes in mailing, we have for sometime passed enclosed in one wrapper to the Postmasters the copies of *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* addressed to several subscribers in one locality, each copy bearing a label with the name of the subscriber. We have had complaints that, owing to careless handling at the offices of delivery, their copies reach them rumpled and broken. We are anxious to know how general this rough handling may be, so that if we cannot trust to the delivery in good condition of *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* as at present dispatched, we may revert to the former method of rolling each copy in a separate wrapper. We will be thankful for as general a report as possible from our subscribers, whether favourable or otherwise to the present system. A post card will answer, addressed to *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, Montreal.

## HUMOUROUS.

A ROTHSAY HOTEL DIALOGUE.—Englishman: Let me speak, sir. I'm an alderman, and from London. Scotchman: An' I'm frae Lanark, an' I'll bate ye whit ye like I'm the aulder man!

SYMPATHETIC old lady: Oh dear! I do so feel for that poor man with the long trumpet. (She must mean the trombone in the orchestra.) All through the piece he's been trying to fix it right, and he can't do it poor fellow.

TEMPTATION SOLICITED.—Willie (who has eaten his apple): Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve, and I'll be Adam. Mabel: All right. Well? Willie: Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb.

LADIES are just like watches, said M'Whirter, reflectively; such pretty things to look at, with such sweet faces and delicate hands. Ay, and deucedly difficult to regulate when you get 'em, added Jolliboy, with his most satirical chuckle.

WHEN a man sees another wearing a hat of identical pattern with his own, he takes it as a compliment to his judgment. When a woman sees her new hat duplicated, she either buys another new one or sits down and cries because she can't afford to do so.

MILITIA.—Officer going his round one night. Officer to Sentry: Why don't you challenge sentry? I'm no a fechtin' man; I never challenge anybody. Why don't you cry Halt! who goes there? Sentry: Man there was nae need for that, for I kent fine wha you was when I saw you comin'.

THE IMPROVED METHOD.—Strolling musician: Can you give me a few pennies? Housewife: But you haven't made any music yet. Strolling musician: Certainly; but although my instrument is sadly out of tune, I shall play unless you contribute something. Housewife: How thoughtful and kind of you. Here is a dollar.

MILLIONAIRE (showing his grand house): How do you like my new dining-room? Observe the frescoed ceiling, the pictured walls, the sideboards made to order, the costly chandelier, the massive high-backed chairs, the magnificent silver and glass dishes, gold spoons.

How do you like it? Fat guest: that depends entirely on what there is to eat.

SAD BUT TRUE.—First lady: It's a shame that all the stores do not close at noon Saturdays and give the tired clerks a rest. Second lady: Yes, it is. A good many of them do. I was shopping last Saturday and found several of them closed, but fortunately De Stayer's was not and I bought quite a bill there. First lady: Why, it is strange I did not see you. I shopped there most of that afternoon.

THE ROAD TO FAME.—Mr. Dumpsy: Johnny, put away that arithmetic and go out into the barn and punch a bag for awhile. You've got to make a prize-fighter to succeed nowadays. Johnny: But, pa, I'm figuring out how many blows, delivered with the force of Sullivan's, it would take to knock an elephant out. Mr. Dumpsy: All right; but you must get in some more exercise pretty soon.

THE MEANEST MAN ON RECORD.—Husband (kindly): My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you? Wife (with alacrity): No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already. Husband: Yes; that's just what I told Blifkins when he offered me two tickets for the opera for to-night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted, so I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?

WANTED TO SPARE THEIR FEELINGS.—There were a dozen or more excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps, Detroit, recently, when one of them asked of a gentleman who was passing by what the two cannon were placed there for. He looked the party over and replied:—"So as to guard the building if attacked by a mob?" "That's funny," said a woman to her husband when he had passed on. "It's more'n funny, Hemily," answered the husband. "Them 'ere guns was a-took from the British at the battle of Lake Erie by that 'ere feller called Perry, and you can read it right there for yourself." "Then he meant to deceive us?" "H'no, 'e didn't. 'E meant to spare hour feelin's, hand hour feelin's his accordingly spared." "Then he took us for Canadians?" "Right you hare, Hemily, hand that's the

honly place where it 'urts me. Hi sot 'ere a-thinkin' that we looked to be Hamerican hall hover, hand e twigged hus hat a glawnce."

HAD TO DO IT.—The little girl in this story had been very anxious to peep in upon the grown-up world and find out what kind of conversation took place between her mother and her friends. She had begged to be permitted to stay in the drawing-room when her mother received visitors, and at last she was granted permission. She was very quiet; she sat demurely for a while and listened. Then she went out, and presently a curious noise of thuds and knocks was heard outside. It was not very loud. Presently she came in again and took her seat, sat patiently a little longer, and got up and went out. Again the same peculiar noise was heard. After the visitors had gone her mother called her and said: "What were you doing out there and why did you leave the room?" "Well, I'll tell you, mamma. I got so very tired of hearing those women talk that I went out in the hall and turned somersaults to relieve myself."

LITTLE girl: If I should die and go to heaven, would I have wings? Mamma: Yes, my pet, and a crown and a harp. Little girl: And candy? Mamma: No. Little girl (after meditation): Well, I'm glad we've got a good doctor.

THE HISTORY OF BILLIARDS.—The latest *English Illustrated Magazine* gives us a paper on the game of billiards, with portraits of players. "An investigation into the early history of billiards reveals the curious fact that while many English writers on the game attribute its invention to a native of France, the French authorities declare that it had its origin in Britain. There is, however, great conflict of opinion on both sides of the Channel, and no research has definitely settled when the game was first invented. Among those who declare for its English origin we find that Bouillet says—"The game of billiards appears to be derived from the game of bowls. It was known in England in old times, and was, perhaps, invented there;" and, he adds, it became the fashion in France owing to Louis XIV. playing the game after meals by the advice of his physicians."

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